

THE
MIRROR OF THE STAGE
OR,
New Dramatic Censor;
CONSISTING OF
ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,
OBITUARIES
ON THE
NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS,
ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,
&c. &c. &c.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

- MEMOIR** of Mr. TERRY—his first appearance in London—remarks on his style of acting—incapacity in tragedy, &c.
- THE MINOR-IES**, No. 1, a series of dramatic sketches—Mr. LANCASTER. **REVIEW** of Hauberk Hall, with extracts.
- THEATRICAL DIARY.**
List of the Nightly Performances.
- HAYMARKET.**—Who wants a Guinea; Terry, Pope, Liston, &c.—Highland Reel; Miss Love's Moggy—The Great Unknown; its absurdity and just condemnation—Gay Deceivers; Harley, Vining, Williams, Mrs. Gibbs, &c. &c.
- ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—Hit or Miss; remarks on the new feature—Mathews—Review; Rayner's Jerry Blossom and John Lump, the faults of his acting, dialect, &c.—Power's Looney, &c.—A Dun a Day; plot of, remarks on—Bartley, W. Chapman, Baker, Miss Carr, Mrs. I. Weippert, &c. &c.
- SURREY THEATRE.**—Paoli; its merits, &c.—Miss Kimbell, Blanchard, John Reeve—The Foulahs—Smith and Mrs. W. Barrymore, &c.
- ROYAL COBOURG.**—Thé Infanticide; account of, acting, &c.—a little advice to its translator on his wonderful discovery of the influence of the passions, &c. &c.
- SADLER'S WELLS.**—Nerestan—Harlequin and the Statue.
- WEST LONDON.**—Opening of the House; general merits of the company—Osborn, Santer, Mortimer, &c.
- POETRY.**—The Partition of the Earth, from Schiller.
- THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT.**—Some account of the forthcoming melo drama of Kenilworth at Drury Lane.
- PROVINCIAL THEATRES.**—Southampton, Dover, Ryde, &c.
- VAUXHALL GARDENS.**—Close of the season, speech, &c.
Correspondence, &c. &c.

Embellished with an elegant engraved Portrait of
Mr. TERRY, as ADMIRAL FRANKLIN,
In "SWEETHEARTS and WIVES."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'CROCHET' enquires of us whether the vocalist P—R—N has set off for America. We beg leave to inform him that Mr. P. having been some time troubled with the dropsy, was found needful to be *tapped*, when about starting for the Yankeys.

'SALLY DAWSON' eagerly asks, if Mr. LEWIS of Sadler's Wells is quite recovered from his late illness so as to play. We assure her, it is with a *gratification* which we CANNOT EXPRESS, that Mr. L.'s name is *in the bills*.

'SQUINT' we think looks a little a one-side when he says that a manageress sits in awful glory in stage-box to see carpenters do their tricks in pantomime, and spring clap-traps, and take a *solo* in a laugh.

'LINES ON MISS KIMBELL'S ACTING,' from '*Bothin*,' may be read, 'Lines to one unknown.' We dare say his communication will *burn well*.

'CHUMF' informs us, that Mr. M—RR—s has, disliking all *personalities*, protested against Mr. HARLEY's singing 'Manager STRUT' was *four feet high*. For ourselves, we think Mr. M. a little *above that*.

'KIT KITCHENER'S' 'LINES TO WELL DRESSED HAIR' we will, with his approbation, send to Mr. WATKINS BURROUGHS.

'SMIRK' asks us when Mrs. GROVE proposes to *leave off* ACTING. We must inform him, *SHE HAS, some time since*.

'ZEPHYR' is as rigid, harsh and untuneable as JOHNSON of the Haymarket in a love-scene.

'TASTE,' in an 'Essay on Mr. YOUNGER's acting,' asks *where* we imagine his voice issues from? we surmise from '*Bull-and-mouth-street*,' or '*Pudding-lane*.'

'SMALLCRAFT' an admirer of Miss CHESTER's acting, asks us what we think of the following paragraph which appeared in the *Herald* 'Tuesday LORD ERSKINE honoured the Haymarket Theatre with his presence: his Lordship appeared much delighted with Miss CHESTER's acting in '*Sweet-hearts and Wives*,' and, in her last scene, he mingled his tears with those of the audience.' We think his Lordship was *VERY LIBERAL*.

A. B. and N—s A—t. in our next.

ADDRESS AT THE CLOSING OF VAUXHALL GARDENS.

On Friday, September 12th, 1823.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN.—I am instructed by the Proprietors of these Gardens, so highly honored by the especial Patronage of the King, the presence of Royalty, the most distinguished of the Nobility, and the British Public, respectfully to state, that they have partaken too largely of your liberality and kindness, not to experience a feeling of regret at the approach of this period, fixed upon for the termination of the Season. It has been marked by the most unfavourable weather ever remembered: yet, aided by your cheering protection and support, under all this disadvantage, they have the gratification of making known, that more persons, by many thousands, have attended this year, than the last, when the Gardens were opened under new auspices, with very powerful attractions, and with the finest weather. The Proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, mention this circumstance with grateful pride, as it at once proves the high popularity of Vauxhall; and they trust they may be permitted to remark, the general satisfaction which has rewarded their earnest and incessant endeavours; a more propitious Season must have added largely to their pecuniary resources, but could not have increased their gratitude.—Since the last Season, a very large sum has been expended on various new

Buildings, and in adding to the interest, comfort, and convenience of the Visitors; they have also, that no variety might be wanted, either to gratify difference of taste, or the desire for a quick succession of diversions, added the *Ballet* to the other exhibitions of the evening, with a success that, to judge from the applause it has received, has been complete. The exceeding popularity of the *Juvenile Fete* has been most encouraging; honoured, as it was, by families of the first consideration, it is now firmly established in public favor; and will be repeated annually, with due attention to two material points, the finest weather, and the most convenient period of the holidays.—And it is highly gratifying for the Proprietors to know, that in every thing relating to the various Amusements, and the highly sanctioned Concerts, throughout the Season, as well as to the Arrangements, Refreshments, Wine, &c. they have had the satisfaction to experience the most unequivocal approbation. To the past they look with pleasure, and with hope to the future, relying on your esteemed Patronage, and with the most zealous determination—that excellence in every department shall be the standard for their exertions. For the Proprietors, and for every Member of this Establishment, permit me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to offer their united and heartfelt acknowledgements; and most respectfully to take our leave!—

THE Mirror of the Stage;

OR,

NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

No. 4.] MONDAY, SEPT. 22d, 1823. [Vol. III.

MR. TERRY.

SCOTLAND gave birth to the subject of our present memoir.—We know not if talent can or should receive a new valuation from the assurance of 'most respectable connections,' &c. but if so, Mr. TERRY may put in his claim for all advantage thereunto belonging.—Edinburgh, we believe, to have been the principal scene of this gentleman's exertions, as far as relates to the preparatory trials which actors are doomed to undergo; and, happy he, who by good fortune obtains a station, where cultivated minds may judge, and, judging, form and correct early promise to science and refinement. An audience makes or mars an actor. The young practitioner opposed to able critics must be cautious, and that caution is by its frequent use changed for discernment: he at first pauses,—and then discriminates. Many an actor of ability has been clapped and huzzaed from the path of uniformity and nature. All applause seems delicious:—it is a superiority of mind alone that asserts and estimates the vacant cry of gaping ignorance from the approval of true judgment;—and how frequent are our reasons won upon by the loudest declaimer. The style of Mr. TERRY's acting evidently proves that he has ever studied true nature before

meretricious coloring. The Haymarket was the first London Theatre at which Mr. TERRY played, opening in *Lord Ogleby*, and sustaining the motley characters of *Major Sturgeon*, *Leon*, *Shylock*, *Sir Edward Mortimer*, &c.—He afterwards received an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, commencing his career in the comedy of '*Rule a Wife and have a Wife*,' since which period he has been almost continually before a London audience.

Mr. TERRY, has, very injudiciously it must be confessed, frequently attempted characters in the highest walk of tragedy:—nothing can be more unsuccessful—all his epic heroes are old techy men, who having thrown off their three-cornered cocked hats and snuff-colored coats, fire and splutter in ostrich feathers and decorated trunks:—his *Pierre* we particularly remember as being a young *Sir Anthony Absolute*—and his—

'Cursed be your senate! cursed your constitution,'

in '*Venice Preserved*,' the exact reading of

'And I'll never call you Jack again,' in the '*Titivals*.'—His declamation is a

THE MIRROR OF THE STAGE;

continued sound of grating iron :—a painful monotony only relieved by a crack by no means rare,—and an accompanying swing of one arm like the bell-hand of a postman :—he should never appear in tragedy, if we except *Clytus* :

All censure must now cease ;—for we are about to speak of his old men, and of some of his other portraits in comedy, on which praise must be unqualified. All the gradations of age, and all the passions that adorn or darken it—that make us in love with antiquity, or wonder at its grossness, TERRY can most incomparably develope.—The yielding, passive, quiet old gentleman, is equally his own with the techy choleric bachelor. It frequently happens with actors, that having to utter sentiment, it needs must be, because it contains some good maxim, vented and embodied with peculiar force, as if morality and virtue should be bawled. TERRY is particularly opposite to this mode of mis-named acting. True acting is but the echo and feature of the world, still allowing something for effect. A man that would in the street or in his own apartment inculcate good advice, or express an opinion, would, unless worked on by strong opposing argument, scarcely elevate or alter his voice from the tone of general conversation :—and this method is TERRY's,—a quiet, yet nervous decided counsel :—a tone, that, with its sobriety, speaks its reason :—the admonition of a father, not the hubbub of rhodomontade :—no sounding period to catch the gallery, so ever willing to applaud the force of lungs ;—but, cool, calm, collected, gently whispering to the heart, and murmuring truth !—The more querulous pragmatic character lives with the spirit of contradiction, the fearless avowal, the dogmatic opinion. His *Sir Anthony Absolute* we imagine to be one of his best examples of such irritability, mingled with all that kindliness of nature, which makes us more than pardon age for accompanying techiness, and forces

us to smile and admire where we would resent. TERRY invests the old man with a charm, a manner, that commands respect and attention. He makes them those men to whom, should we know and pass in the street, we would invariably give the wall, or our seat at any crowded assembly.—His *Chronicle*, in the '*Young Quaker*,' is a good specimen of the opposing feelings of avarice and parental love—the first passion has in part dammed up the better and refreshing springs of existence ;—custom has fortified the strong hold of mistaken gratification ; but nature at length bursts the worldly barrier, and re-assume in part its proper course.—*Matchem*, in '*Match-making*,' by TERRY, displays age in continual good humour :—a vernal sun upon a winter's soil :—it is Time taking a harmless jest, and having lost some of its enjoyments, making its happiness in conducting to the felicity of others.

Mr. TERRY we consider in the *caste* of characters we have named (exclusive of tragedy) to be the first on the stage ;—or at least to share much with MURDEN :—both their styles are nature ;—but TERRY's ALL nature.

THE MINOR-IES—No. 1.

MR. LANCASTER.

Under the first head we purpose a continuation of *Sketches of Minor Actors*. We know not whether we have been most fortunate in our present selection as a commencement, but as we propose each to have his turn, Mr. L. may harmlessly take the precedence of better actors.—Our limits will not allow us much space for these observations—a mere outline, an off-hand sketch is all that's purposed.

Mr. LANCASTER is an old Stager, having entered the profession in his youth :—his campaigns have been chiefly confined to the country, but in the

most respectable theatres. With Mr. MACREADY he had the weighty cares of acting Manager, which office, we believe, he resigned, to try his fortune at the English Opera House some six seasons since. Mr. L. however, is not for a large, or at least for a large London Theatre.—He might have been a good actor, but industry has been evidently wanting;—in fact, many of his personations are entire riddles:—he will commence you a speech reasonably enough, and in tolerable accordance with character; but his second line takes a jog trot from the first, and by then he gets to the end of the passage, he has run with the greatest facility through half a dozen voices, ringing a change from growl to squeak,—from squeak to chuckle.—He has but little discrimination; but puts on all force, plays to the gallery and gets laughed at. His transitions to violent rage are like a top set in action by a baby:—a mere touch will put LANCASTER into the dance of St. Vitus, when he should scarcely stir; and, away he goes with his hands to his hair, and his feet like a culprit's at a tread-mill;—head shaking, spitting, starting,—a very tornado in little. If Mr. L. has but half a dozen lines, beware all that are engaged with him;—he will be HEARD; the gallery must grin, even though he coins a joke of his own; or looks at Joe Miller as he leaves his dressing-room.—We know of no actor on the Minor boards (with the exception of one who on a future occasion shall be unveiled) that is so apt to put forth his own nonsense as the author's with such industry and vacancy as this gentleman. We know, Mr. L. that we are not to expect classic uniformity at the West London or Sadler's Wells; but you should remember there are boxes and pit, and not strive to amuse the few at the disgust of the many.—Yet, with all this, Mr. LANCASTER is a serviceable actor, and is of infinite use to any Minor Manager. Some parts we have seen him play with ability;—his *Scent* for instance, is a good

performance, it has more reason and less mummery than any of his efforts. His old man, if he will be a little more quiet, will gain respectability and humour—his country-boys are too ancient—his *Irishmen any men*—and his sailors,—matches for mainmasts.

No. 2 will afford us an opportunity of treating on Mr. BUCKINGHAM, of the Surrey Theatre.

Literary Review.

HAUBERK HALL.

The end of of all writing should aim for instruction as well as amusement. It may be answered that, if such were always the case, novels would cease to exist. By no means; a good novel contains the manners, follies, trickeries of the world pointedly developed for our refinement or contempt. Virtue may look more lovely from the imagined situation accorded, and ill principle receive a deeper dye from the well-kept contrast. A deep acumen, a quick discernment of character, with simple though finished powers of description, are indispensable; and yet how frequently are they wholly wanting in the many novels put forth. Insipidity is substituted for sentiment, and folly intended for wit.—A card-table chit-chat, a morning's airing, a private concert, is a never-dying theme:—the only care being to endow the heroine with frequent fainting-fits and nervous sensibility, trembling at the openings of billet-doux, and an interesting suffusion of blushes at the *mal-apropos* entrance of a third person. "*Hauberk Hall*" is, perhaps, one degree above these vehicles for delicate dilemmas. There is assuredly, throughout the work, every wish to be humorous; but the author can only receive the

award of *will*; and a mistaken inclination for originality betrays him into language generally absurd and rarely successful. As to his powers of character, we cite the following passage, the incident of which he wishes to be understood as a *marked* and early development of principle.

'From Ugo's reserved and cautious disposition, he usually escaped all punishment; one evening, however, he was convicted of being an *inciter* of disturbance, and condemned accordingly to kneel until the usual hour of repose. The same usher always attended the boys to the dormitory, where, upon their arrival, each knelt down at his bed-side, to repeat his prayers. Ugo, however, without attending to the regulation, was in a moment between the sheets; and upon being asked why he did not say his prayers with the rest, replied, that having been kept kneeling so long in the school-room, he thought he might *save time*, by saying his prayers there, as well as in the dormitory.'

The attempt in this is palpable:—the failure no less so.

We now proceed to the time when Mr. Ugo 'takes unto himself a wife'; and being seated one evening with his lady, he makes the following declaration, which, whether the author intends to excite disgust or laughter we know not, but for ourselves we should have been more strongly inclined to the first feeling, had not our charity been excited by the redeeming harmlessness of the whole work. So we freely pardon him, fully assured that "*he means nothing*."

'As Ugo considered company (unless for some particular purpose) interfering with his commercial arrangements, their evenings were, with few exceptions, spent alone. On an occasion of this kind, while Ugo was intently por-

ing over a treatise upon mining, a sigh, scarcely audible, escaped the bosom of his lady, when Ugo looking up, thus addressed her: 'You need not sigh, Mrs. Hauberk, I am by no means angry with you for not bearing children; perhaps it is best as it is, my fortune being as yet small.'

But Ugo afterwards comes to fortune; and, as wealth not uncommonly changes our sentiments, so did it work upon the wishes of the newly-made *Sir Ugo*, who then imagined little prattlers not so very intrusive, and in that opinion issued his *commands* to his wife in the same manner as he would have bespoken a new doublet or a pair of boots. In fact, the similitude to a tradesman-like business is admirably kept up, because Lady Ugo is expressly "*sent for to receive the order*," which interview is described in the following—

'I have already mentioned, that Lady Hauberk's love for Sir Ugo was not unmingled with fear; which was always greatly increased by the circumstance of being expressly sent for: she accordingly entered the library with considerable apprehension, saying, 'What is your pleasure, Sir Ugo?' 'Sit down, Madam,' said he; which, when she had done, he thus proceeded: 'I told you, in a former conversation, that I was not angry at your not bearing me any children, as my fortune was not then large enough to afford that incumbrance: the *baronet's* death alters the case, and I therefore now wish that you should be in the family way as soon as possible; if a son, 'twill be the more welcome: this, Madam, is all I have at present to say.'

And what did Lady Hauberk say?—why

Lady Hauberk curtsied and retired.

But afterwards what did she imagine? No doubt the wisdom of communicating her difficulty. But to whom did she go?—she

"was not a woman of weak mind," so her steps did not bend towards any fortune-telling sybil; but she hies herself to breathe her sorrows unto—

'Charles Middleton and his amiable spouse who exerted themselves to soothe and condole her.'

No man of course could be so ungallant as to refuse his assistance to a lady in such tribulation, nor, indeed, was Charles Middleton, for his—

'Advice to her was, that she should tell Sir Ugo her belief of being in the way he wished. 'This, my dear Lady,' said Charles, will probably soften somewhat of Sir Ugo's asperity; it may be true, and will, at all events, gain time, which, as he himself says, is gaining every thing.'

We will proceed no further on this subject, but merely remark, that Charles Middleton was indeed a witch, for what he said "*may be true*," was true, which, when she informed her husband, he, kind, indulgent man, desired her to get whatever she might fancy most for the benefit of the child. The author, however, does not inform us whether the interesting *penchant's* which ladies entertain at such periods, led Lady Ugo to

prawns or lobsters. But a son was born; in due time too a little girl came into the world, whom her fond mother describes as—

'One of the loveliest of her lovely sex; possessing talents fit to adorn the most exalted station.'

And yet we find Miss Camilla Hauberk,—the choice rose of the bouquet, the sensitive, the charming, the nonpareil, of damsels, in company with a *lady* who is apostrophizing an old gentleman in the following innocent though *quizzical* style—

'Write, (said Augusta) yes, truly, and I got such an answer as I cannot at all comprehend: I fancy the doctor is a *leaden head* as well as a *tin wig*.'

We assure our readers that, we have taken impartially from '*Hauberk Hall*,' and could substantiate the assertion by a hundred similar passages; we, however, must conclude, merely remarking, that '*Hauberk Hall*' is not the best of a very large assortment, and whose notoriety will end in the advertising columns of a newspaper. It may be used certainly with great success, and *without the least danger*, as a gentle sleeping potion,

Theatrical Diary.

THE HAYMARKET.

September 6th, *Who Wants a Guinea*, *Highland Reel*—8th, *Gay Deceivers*, *Sweethearts and Wives*, *Fish out of Water*—9th, *Matrimony*, *Young Quaker*, *Great Unknown*, first time—10th, *Gay Deceivers*, *Sweethearts and Wives*, *Fish out of Water*—11th, *Highland Reel*, *Simpson and Co. Family Jars*—12th, *Match-Making*, *Sweethearts and Wives*, *Fish out of Water*—13th, *Twelve Precisely*, *Heir at Law*, *Fish out of Water*—15th, *Gay Deceivers*, *Sweethearts and Wives*, *Fish out of Water*—16th, *Sweethearts and Wives*, *Highland Reel*—17th, *Gay Deceivers*, *Beggar's Opera*, *Fish out of Water*—18th, same *Pieces*—19th, *My Grandmother*, *Sweethearts and Wives*, *Family Jars*.

Coleman's Comedy of '*Who* on the 5th instant, in a style of *Wants a Guinea*,' was played here excellence seldom equalled, al-

though it must be confessed there is much in this piece in direct opposition to reason and probability, and many of the characters completely out of nature, yet there is so much genuine wit and humour, so much good sense and philosophy, and such laughable contrasts and equivokes as render its performance not only an amusing, but an intellectual treat, to all who prefer good and polished writing to the local recommendations of modern *ephemerals*. The part of *Torrent* was played by *TERRY* in his very best style: nothing could be finer than his scenes with *Burford*, and the sudden check to his execrations at the conduct of a seducer when he finds it to be his brother, was one of the most natural and affecting pieces of acting we ever witnessed. *POPE* might have been twenty years ago fit to play *Burford*, but really now it should be given to a younger actor. *LISTON*'s *Solomon Gundy* produced roars of laughter; his aping of foreign manners, was in the highest degree laughable. *VINING*, in the Irish baronet, would have been good had he studied the brogue. *TAYLEUR* played *Andrew Bang*, with considerable effect.

O'Keefe's Opera of the '*Highland Reel*' followed, in which *Miss LOVE* played *Moggy* with much archness and spirit;—the more we see of this lady the more we are delighted at her improvement; she is now an established and deserving favorite:—she introduced a song, which was sung with much ability.

'*The Great Unknown*,' a farce, was on Monday week most satisfactorily damned at this theatre. The incidents (it can only be liberality that names them as such) are—

A *Dyer*, travelling incog. who is taken to be *Doctor Dryasdust*, the *Great Unknown*; he is found buried

in snow, and is received at a foolish old man's house, which old man has a sister—she is fond of the *Waverly novels*, and her brother of *craniology*; and that is all we could make of the *PLOT*.

'It yielded us wonder great as our contempt,' the production of a thing so utterly destitute of circumstance or even common dialogue: a precious instance of the proprietor's taste; as, we are informed, the opinion of all, save his, was that of non-success;—and from this test we shall, in future, feel assured, that when '*a Daniel comes to JUDGE!*' damnation is pretty likely to follow.

The farce of *Gay Deceivers* has been revived, it has a tolerable cast of character,—*VINING*, *HARLEY*, *WILLIAMS*, & *Mrs. GIBBS*, are the principal features for its effect; but even with these, and other additions, it has no great portion of luxuriance; nevertheless, let us have it, and welcome every night, even were our thermometer ten degrees higher than it really is, rather than be persecuted with such incomprehensible and vile trash as that (*The Great Unknown*) we were compelled to witness on a prior evening.—Seriously by the way, and with due submission, *Mr. THOMAS DIEDIN*, to your judgment and managerial excellence, this kind of proceeding is not altogether a clever one; it seems to evince an inability with regard to providing for the public taste, or a negligence to please. We refer to a former instance too, in "*Spanish Bonds*," a combination of wretched stuff,—The visitors of this theatre are liberal, and indulgent at all times—the presence of *LISTON*, and the hearty peals of laughter which his drollery (call it extravagance or what it may) is, we will suppose, some consideration for that liberality; but do not suffer good nature and good hu-

mour to be imposed upon too far, or the "galled jade may wince," therefore, in merely a friendly whisper, see that these disagreeable and unsavoury reports be terminated, and that the numerous

collections of five shillings, &c. be exchanged for something of a more ordinary value than Spanish Bonds, "or a peep" at the "Great Unknown."—The house has been constantly well attended,

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

September 6th, *Polly Packet*, *Presumption*, *Guardians Outwitted*—8th, *Hit or Miss*, *Presumption*, *Guardians Outwitted*—9th, *Hit or Miss*, *I will Have a Wife*, *Monsieur Tonson*—10th, *A Dun a Day*, *Youthful Days of Gil Blas*, *Presumption*—11th, *Hit or Miss*, *Miller's Maid*, *Guardians Outwitted*—12th, *A Dun a Day*, *Presumption*, *Too Curious by Half*—13th, *Hit or Miss*, *A Dun a Day*, *Guardians Outwitted*—15th, *Hit or Miss*, *A Dun a Day*, *Review*—16th, *Hit or Miss*, *A Dun a Day*, *Monsieur Tonson*—17th, *A Dun a Day*, *Gretna Green*, *Presumption*—18th, *Hit or Miss*, *I Will Have a Wife*, *Guardians Outwitted*—19th, *A Dun a Day*, *Miller's Maid*, *Presumption*,

The farce of '*Hit or Miss*,' with a new feature, has been several times played, in which MATHEWS appeared as *Dick Cipher*.—If we cannot, without a violence to our judgment, applaud the taste which dictated this *ridder* to a foolish piece, we must at least admit that it greatly increases the ludicrous effect; from the stable and the coach box, to Fives Court and the prize-ring is but a step, and the penchant for the one, is very likely to create a taste for the other.

We have in the earlier numbers of our work, spoken of the prejudicial influence of pieces which hold out an inducement to the idle and dissolute to commit follies destructive of the comforts of their more sober neighbours.—Our wish to uphold the true interests of the Drama, prompted us to declare hostility against all who were so debased as to seek profit from such a source.

Managers as well as authors partook of our honest censures, and if we refrain on this occasion, it is because we consider the new feature in this farce as the least reprehensible folly which we have witnessed in this style.—MA-

VOL. 3.

THEWS, as may easily be supposed, is just as much *au fait* in the backer of pugilists, as he was in the imitator of coachmen, and stable-boys: he introduces two excellent comic songs—the *Mill*, and another, descriptive of a Horse Race, which he sung with uncommon spirit. In the course of the latter, he imitates TATTERSALL to the very life.

RAYNER's performance of *Giles* pleased us so much, that we regret any circumstance which compels us to alter our opinion of his general ability. His *Jerry Blossom* was not only a copy of KNIGHT's, but he introduced a curious dialect, which resembled more the affectation of dandyism, than the usual phraseology of Yorkshire. This was more apparent in *John Lump*. We have been in most towns, both in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and, for the first time, heard one who we were told came from the latter, make use of the terms *skeule* and *beuke*, this is a pitiful affectation of singularity, which we hope to see amended, and that too shortly.—POWER's *Looney* and *O'Daisey*, were not so good as we expected: this we think may be attributed to

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his manners being too refined and gentlemanly, to be easily identified with those of uncultivated Bog-trotters.

'*A Dun a Day*,' a little one-act *Bagatelle*, has been produced here since our last, and has met with deserved success.—The never-failing characters are, of course, in requisition—a rakish spendthrift, holding frequent discussion of ways and means with his dapper, flippant valet—a lady for the master—and to make up the party, a waiting-maid for the lacquey—an inexorable father—and an universal butt in the person of an avaricious swindled tailor. The plot is thus:—

Young Rakely having, with his fortune, ran out his father's patience, is of course besieged by duns, all of whom are assigned 'to-morrow and to-morrow,' and all their yesterdays have been but time mis-spent. A *Mr. Plush*, a creditable tailor, is among the sufferers, and is one of the most solicitous for 'his account.' The young gentleman is on the eve of a marriage, the consummation of which only awaits the sanction of his parent, whose consent *Caroline*, the young lady, conceives (rather strangely) to be most desirable from filial duty and respect. Bailiffs are awkward gentlemen in love affairs—the rough le-vellers of romance, and uncouth truth-tellers—the jingle of pounds, shillings, and pence, does not harmonize with 'hoiled sighs:' so, as of course should be wished, *Caroline* is to be kept in the dark as to the state of her future husband's affairs, until marriage tells all secrets, gives her to *Rakely*, and her money to his myrmidons. He, however, writes to his father—penitent, submissive—the old gentleman returns 'a plump negatur,' just as *Mr. Plush* pays his hebdomadal visit. The ready dog of a servant proposes, in order to overcome feminine scruples, *Plush* to represent old *Mr. Rakely*, and to give his consent to *Caroline's* nuptials:—*Rakely* does not at first accord; but love compromises a little trickery, and the poor tailor, in the forlorn hope of getting 'his bill,' fathers the young gentleman—is introduced to the bride elect—and, keeping an eye to business, retires to draw up the marriage deeds.—In the mean time the real *Old Mr. Rakely* appears—makes himself known

to *Caroline*, who, guessing her lover's deceit, in revenge assures her swain that her father's unexpected arrival from the West Indies has completely altered her sentiments towards him. In a short time the fathers are confronted—all the creditors enter (having been previously summoned by *Old Mr. Rakely*) and are paid, with the exception of poor *Plush*, who, spite of his disowning his son, and wishing to appear in his more humble and profitable character of tailor, gains nothing more from *Old Mr. R.* than the loving appellation of 'father.'—Marriage, of course, is the finish.

BARTLEY, as *Plush*, the tailor, is not at home. He is of too much weight to justify the appellation of 'a ninth part.' Sparseness for a stage-tailor has been ever accounted a great requisite—we know not exactly why it should be so, any other than a persecuting merriment on the functions of cross-legged professors, disposes us to expect an accompanying insignificance of body.—We confess the requisition is rather illiberal, but we have many failings that conduce to our enjoyment, and which, if eradicated, would perhaps make us but little better than we are;—hence, we laugh at a tailor; and how much laughter has no meaning.—The part was assuredly designed for *KEELEY*, he would have made us pity some of the tradesman's misfortunes.—*BARTLEY* was too stoical, therefore no stage-tailor.—*KEELEY* would have whimpered and trembled under disappointment.—*BARTLEY* has too much of *Admiral Firedrake's* 'old ward'—*KEELEY* would have been greatly little.—*BARTLEY* is only GREAT.—*CHAPMAN* slipped thro' *Slink* with some industry.—*BAKER* evinced too great an inclination to be ardent and dashing without the essence of either.—If *Mr. B.* would attend to the roundings, the little finishings that make an actor, he would find his account in it;—he has many requisites, but perseverance

is necessary,—the tree must be grafted before it bears.—**ROW-BOTHAM** was in *Old Mr. Rakely*, stately and parental.—Miss **CARR** had but little, yet was the lady.—If Mrs. **WEIPPERT** would divest herself of a sharpness of reply, a sound which bestows pettishness on language of different meaning, she would be more feminine, or at least, more its desired being; she has talent, and more than that, she possesses that polish to the gem,—that every thing to an actor,—*confidence*.

SURREY THEATRE.

“**PAOLI**,” a new Melo-drama, by **HOWARD PAYNE**,—(so say the bills,) has been presented here since our last.—It happens unfortunately, that the pieces are not more worthy of the splendour and attention bestowed on them.—“*Paoli*” is about on a par with the defunct “*Antigone*” as to literary merit.—The scenic beauty, dresses, &c. attached to it, are as ill-bestowed as a court suit would be on a Tom-fool, or a parish-idiot; still it evinces great spirit, and praiseworthy perseverance, on the part of the proprietors; and, we are happy to say, the public have appreciated and rewarded the endeavour. All know the story of *Paoli* too well to need a recapitulation of events:—suffice it to say, there is of course, a little love,—that *spice* of melo-drama, introduced to make incident more relishing.—In fact, we never saw a lady so truly puzzled, as *Celanie*, the daughter of *Paoli*;—she is, as *Dennis Brulgrudery* says, “quite bothered,”—having first wedded a gentleman (her lover) to save her parent, (filial affection!) then her father most ungratefully demands of her a surrender of connubial

rights, to which she rather strangely acquiesces, and follows him. But though she has put off the trial with her husband, it is only for a short vacation, as she refuses losing him altogether; and when her spouse comes to claim his property, struggles and cries “oh!” several times to be away with him. In fact, he that stays the last with the lady appears to stand the best chance,—a piteous fault with the fair, we know.—However, death and destruction at last flap their wings above the lovers, and they die,—the lady having been shot by more than Cupid, and the gentleman meeting a cracked scull from a partizan of *Paoli*.

Miss **KIMBELL**, as *Celanie*, falls with much grace.—We must however accord some praise to this lady for her palpable improvement since we had the (*gallantry* must say it) *pleasure* of witnessing her efforts in *Antigone*. Miss **K.** we believe, is young on the stage; after treading it some time, and finding that others besides a family acquaintance of “Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins,” and “Master and Miss Tomkins,” &c. sit before the curtain,—that a public will judge, and that critics will write,—young folks begin to think that *learning* a part is not the only essential for an actor or actress. This lady we have no doubt has participated in this error; but we think she may overcome many difficulties when clearly shewn to her.—Continual exclamation is not *acting*;—derangement of tresses is not *effect*;—still Miss **KIMBELL**, in two or three instances, pleased us—we wish her every success.—Mr. **BLANCHARD**, who played *Julius*, is an excellent fencer—but

“—his voice is in his sword.”

And there we would only wish to hear it. Mr. **H. KEMBLE**, in *Paoli*, cut a sheet of foolscap into as much

like *Paoli* as possible, but after all, it was *but* foolscap. BUCKINGHAM could not say any thing good if the author did not give it him: he was as frightend as he could be, but Mr. PAYNE, we want, "words, words, words."—Mr. CLIFFORD, as the *general*, "*com-marnds*" a grèat deal.—There is an old joke of a fellow about to enter for a soldier being rejected by a whipper-snapper of an officer, as not the thing; for-a *private*, replying, then make me an *officer*, I see any thing will do for that. Mr. C. brought this anecdote to our recollection in a most irrepressible manner; and when he said "Let the SPORTS BEGIN," we naturally concluded *he* must be *going off*.—"Rhubarb's rhubarb, call it what you will,"—therefore there was some good dancing;—but not very Genoese, the rocking-step and double shuffle were much too frequent. —The piece is got up admirably, we could expect no other from the stage manager.

Mr. J. REEVE has been displaying his comicalities with success; his '*Advertisement*' every one has seen:—his imitations are, with few exceptions, excellent.

The Foulahs, supported by the fine acting of SMITH, and the interest with which Mrs. BARRY-MORE endows it, has been much admired, and justly so. We shall take great pleasure and every opportunity in descanting on the productions of this beautiful theatre.

ROYAL COBURG.

The advantages of competition were never more apparent than at this house since the opening of the new Surrey Theatre. The deserved success which has attended the spirited exertions of the proprietor of the latter have created a very praiseworthy emulation here.

Novelty follows novelty as quickly as eager bidders in an auction room. and we have scarcely disposed of one, ere another claims our consideration. This system, though often productive of good, sometimes defeats itself.—"More haste" says the proverb:—by the way, these thread-bare adages, at which pedantic prigs turn up their classical noses, are pretty near the truth after all; and so it has proved with the translator of *Infanticide, or the Bohemian Mother*: this "learned Theban" has been several times convicted of "Murders dire" of our mother tongue;—now, be it understood, we are not so unreasonable as to expect any thing very sublime and poetic at houses on this side of the water, nay, we frequently, out of pure compassion, hoodwink our understanding, in order to place it on a level with the mock heroics and polished witticisms of these importers of contraband nonsense; but we cannot always be expected to shew the same mercy to these gentlemen.

With full remembrance of *Korastican* tortures upon us, we attended the theatre on Monday, to witness the performance of this piece, announced to us as one of great pathos and domestic interest;—something calculated to excite the best affections of our nature, and make us, "albeit unused to the melting mood," soil our best tragedy kerchief. But, alas! how transitory are all human expectations.—Hope tells us a pretty flattering tale about happiness and so forth, but sad reality brings us down again to this dirty lump of clay which men call earth; and if we do inhale the "blue ethereal" for a moment we get punished for our "vaulting ambition" by tumbling headlong in the mire. Our joy was as brief "as woman's

love;" for, if we had good incidents and impressive acting, (and which we must in justice confess was the case,) we were tormented with language the most absurd, and jokes dependant for their point upon the *versatile* talents of Mr. SLOMAN:—as a proof of the first we quote one of the best specimens.

A feeling peasant, (Mrs. YOUNG) very affectingly communicates the alarming news that LOUISA, the heroine, "has been seized with a *frenzy* that has *bewildered her senses*" most wonderful discovery, indeed! Who shall presume to set a boundary to genius after this?—To use one of his own phrases, we think this is "*ominous*" of the translator being little beyond the gentleman, who we are told is to discover longitude. We should recommend this shrewd *Levite* to leave to abler hands the task of catering for theatrical visitors, for though doubtless, as Virgil says,

Non omnia possumus omnes,

will apply as much to him as to others;—yet we think in this particular he has sadly mistaken the bent of his talent. The very amusing trifle of '*The Secret*' followed, in which Mrs. POPE played with much archness and spirit. The performances concluded with a good melo drama, entitled *Stanislaus, or the Siege of Dantzic*, in which the infamous attempts of Russia to force upon Poland a king in opposition to their wishes, and their gallant defence, are pleasingly depicted. The scenery and machinery are particularly good, and the incidents striking and effective.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Nothing new again here. The *Smoked Miser* runs with success; but the eternal *Nerestan* has suc-

ceeded *Christian* for the last week. —We should like something new:—every one has seen Mrs. EGER-TON in "very spacious breeches," and knows her capability in the *horn* way: she imitates a bugle most delightfully: indeed, with such excellence, that it gave us quite a distaste for a tune on the pandean pipes played by a musical volunteer in the gallery between the acts.

The compiled pantomime of '*Harlequin and the Statue*' is one of the best we ever witnessed at this or any other house;—there appears to have been much taste (if we may apply the term) in selecting the best tricks, &c. of all the pantomimes that have been produced for some years. This *co-partnership* of drollery renders it a very laughable compound; and to those whose stomachs are not squeamish about the fare, are likely to be highly gratified with the dish served up to them by the manager of this theatre.

Miss ADCOCK has very much improved in her dancing, and displays much grace and activity. As far as regards the Pantaloon of FLOWER, though there is nothing which we decidedly object to, yet it is not as a whole equal to BARNES.

WEST LONDON.

The West London Theatre opened on the 15th with '*The Wizard of the Moor*,' '*The Ploughman turned Lord*,' and '*The Living Ghost*.'—The recent embellishments are neat, and well imagined; and the Company combines in its members no inconsiderable share of talent.

The *Glencairn* of Mr. OSBORNE, in the first piece, though not exactly suited to that happy rotundity of feature which adds to the effect of his more lively essays

was highly respectable.—Mr. SANTER'S *Andrew*, and Mr. MORTIMER'S *Matthew*, elicited frequent and deserved marks of approbation. Mr. SANTER'S *Andrew* may be improved by a little more firmness in its general delineation, and less of comic humour in his expressions of fear. His *Aldwinkle* in the afterpiece, was very good. Mr. MORTIMER'S execution of *Matthew* was forcible and clever; and, together with his *Nicodemus*, in the '*Living Ghost*,' confirmed us in our opinion that, for a just conception of his author, and correctness of reading, this gentleman yields to few actors on the minor boards. The performance of Mrs. BERMETZREIDER was very effective; but we think her more impressive passages were in some measure injured by a too forcible delivery of those parts which are but of secondary consequence. The acting of Mr. BEVERLY is too well known to need comment, his *Robin Roughhead* was, as usual, admirable. Mrs. BEVERLY'S *Dolly* was equally good, and her laugh of joy at hearing the news of *Robin*'s accession of fortune most excellent. The characters of *Snacks* and the *Old Woman*, by Mr. and Mrs. WATSON were respectably supported. Mr. SANDERS must not be forgotten: his *Paul* had much humour in it, and we think his versatility of talent must render him a desirable acquisition. The singing of Mrs. SANTER and Mr. FISHER was deservedly encored, as was also the dance of Mr. FELLOWES. Our opinion of the other ladies and gentlemen we shall suspend till we have a more fair opportunity of estimating their abilities; in the mean time, however, we venture to recommend to the gentleman who performed *Rattle* an attention to carriage and distinctness of utterance. The band

is limited, but the songs were well accompanied, and the music altogether went off very smoothly.

Eulogium on the private character of Mr BEVERLY, the manager, is unnecessary; but if respectability of talent in the company, a judicious selection of entertainments, and the proverbial integrity of a proprietor, are claims that entitle an establishment to support, the ROYAL WEST LONDON is most highly deserving public favor and patronage.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

From SCHILLER.

When Jove had encircled our planet
with light,
And had roll'd the proud orb on its
way,
And had given the moon to illumine by
night,
And the bright sun to rule it by day;
The reign of its surface he form'd to
agree
With the wisdom that govern'd its
plan;
He divided the earth, and apportion'd
the sea,
And he gave the dominion to man.
The hunter he sped to the forest and
wood,
And the husbandman seized on the
plain;
The fisherman launch'd his canoe on the
flood,
And the merchant embark'd on the
main.
The mighty partition was finish'd at last,
When a figure came listlessly on;
But fearful and wild were the looks that
he cast
When he found that labour was done.
The mien of disorder, the wreath which
he wore,
And the frenzy that flash'd from his
eye,
And the lyre of ivory and gold which he
bore,
Proclaim'd that the Poet was nigh;

And he rush'd all in tears, at the fatal decree,
 To the foot of the Thunderer's throne,
 And complain'd that no spot of the earth or the sea
 Had been given the bard as his own.
 Then the Thunderer smil'd at his prayer and his mien,
 Though he mourn'd the request was too late;
 And he ask'd in what regions the poet had been
 When his lot was decided by fate.
 Oh! pardon my error, he humbly replied,
 Which sprung from a vision too bright,
 My soul at that moment was close at thy side,
 Entranc'd in these regions of light.
 It hung on thy visage, it bask'd in thy smile;
 And it rode on thy glances of fire;
 And forgive, if bewilder'd and dazzled the while,
 It forgot every earthly desire,
 The earth, said the Godhead is portion'd away,
 And I cannot reverse the decree;
 But the heavens are mine, and the regions of day,
 And their portal is open to thee.

Theatrical Chit Chat.

KENILWORTH AT DRURY-LANE.—Scenic splendour; gorgeous paraphernalia, and awful ceremony, are again to hold their unmeaning court at Drury-Lane. Once more a melo-drama is to take the precedence. We subjoin the following incidents from the novel of *Kenilworth*, which are to be embodied for the opening of this theatre. We hope pageant will not be indulged to the utter extinction of sense; but the remembrance of the pestering *Coronation* dims our hopes:—

"Sir Walter Raleigh, Tresillian, and Blount, took their station with other gentlemen of quality before the outer gate of the gallery, or entrance tower. The whole amounted to about forty persons, all selected as of the first rank under that of knighthood, and were disposed in double rows on either side of the gate, like a guard of honour, within the close hedge of pikes and partisans, which was formed by Leicester's retainers, wearing his liveries. The gentlemen carried no arms, save their swords and daggers. These gallants were as gaily dressed as imagination could devise; and as the garb of the time permitted a great display of expensive magnificence, nought was to be seen but velvet, and cloth of gold and silver, ribbands, feathers, gems, and golden chains. It was the twilight of a summer night (9th July 1576); the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude

had remained assembled for many hours, when all of a sudden a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and at the instant, far-heard over flood and field, the great bell of the castle tolled. After some pause the meditations of those within the castle were interrupted by a shout of applause from the multitude, so tremendously vociferous, that the country echoed for miles round. Her guards, thinly stationed on the road by which the Queen was to advance, quickly caught up the acclamation. The whole music of the castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small-arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and of the cannon themselves, was faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude. As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the park, and broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the gallery tower. The word was passed along the line—"The Queen the Queen!" silence and stand fast! Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by 200 waxen torches, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage you saw the daughter of a hundred kings. The Ladies of the Court rode beside her Majesty, and their personal charms and the magnificence by which they were neces-

sarily distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm, so far famed for splendour and beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers was still more unbounded. Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand. The black stud which he mounted, had not a single white hair on his body. The Earl was bare-headed, as were all the Courtiers in his train, and the red torch light shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features. Varney followed close behind his master, and had charge of his Lordship's black velvet bonnet garnished with a clasp of diamonds, and surmounted by a white plume. Behind came a long crowd of Knights and gentlemen. Elizabeth graciously received the homage of the porter as she entered the gate of the Castle, from the different points of which, at that moment, was poured a clamorous blast of warlike music. Amidst these bursts of music the Queen crossed the gallery tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side.

PENLEY, who lately had the Dover Theatre, has been playing on the other side of the channel. On Monday last '*Othello*,' and '*A Roland for an Oliver*,' was performed with much talent at Boulogne; the English families residing in the neighbourhood patronized him, and the house was crowded at an early hour with a most fashionable company.

DUNN, of the Royalty, has taken the Dover Theatre, and is fitting it up with unusual splendour:—every thing promises a successful season.

BARNET, late of Reading, has, within the last few days opened the Theatre at Rhyde, Isle of Wight, with a good company:—his success has been very great.

SOUTHAMPTON THEATRE.—Mr. FARREN made his first appearance here on Monday, as *Sir Peter Teazle* in that brilliant comedy of Sheridan's, '*The School for Scandal*.' His representation was most effective: the doating, fond old husband—his anxiety lest his old friend *Sir Oliver* should laugh at his marrying a young wife—his detestation of the scandal bearers—his unrestrainable enjoyment on hearing *Joseph* say that he had a 'little French milliner' behind the screen—his surprise on discovering *Lady Teazle*, and his

contempt of the 'man of sentiment,' were all given with admirable force, and produced a strong impression of the truth of the delineation. His manner is perfectly easy and highly polished, which was more peculiarly observable on Wednesday, when he played *Lord Ogleby* in the '*Clandestine Marriage*.' Mr. FARREN, we believe, is the only *Lord Ogleby* now on the stage, no other performer having succeeded in it since the late Mr. LOVEGROVE. The character is a most difficult 'one, requiring as it does, a union of powers of the first order. The worn-out old gallant and courtier, with his treble-piped voice, his tottering knees, and his fastidiously regulated manner, was represented in a style forcibly excellent because strictly true to nature. The decay of the physical powers while the mental continued in unimpaired vigour, was well brought out, as was the influence of reason over passion which had no longer the means of gratification. As *Captain Meadows*, in the laughable farce of '*The Deaf Lover*,' he kept the house in a roar. Mrs. HAMBLYN's *Lady Teazle* and *Fanny Sterling* were each commendable performances, and her *Betsy Blossom* in '*The Deaf Lover*' was remarkable for archness and vivacity. KELLY's *Charles and Brush*, HOLLINGSWORTH's *Mr. Sterling*, and DENMAN's *Canton*, were all excellent in their way, and I mention the latter gentleman's performance in this character with the greatest pleasure, because he seldom gives me an opportunity of doing this, always the most pleasant part of my task. The *Mrs. Heidelberg* of Mrs. SHALDERS deserves my particular notice, no less for the readiness with which she undertook the part on the indisposition of Mrs. JEFFERSON, who should have played it, than for the very effective manner in which she went through it. On Wednesday, the 10th instant, Mr. FARREN appeared in the part of *Item* in the '*Steward*,' and the *Doctor* in '*Animal Magnetism*,' both of which he played in a masterly style. I cannot omit naming Mrs. DAVIES' *Miss Sterling*, and Mrs. KELLY's *Mrs. Candour* and *Betty* as highly respectable performances.





MR HARLEY AS LEATHERLUNGS,
in
Holla & Leatherlungs, or, the Star & the Stroller.

Engraved for the Mirror of the Stage.